



(Volume 100*)..... (*Celebration volume)

** Do not follow where the path
may lead - Go instead, where
there is no path,
and leave a trail - **

Elifritsy

PART #2



Photo History



Peachy B
I love you xx

-Celebrating -100
photo books Made

by Ralph
documenting the
life and times of
his family ❤



Photo by



Nana Kley by Angela in May 2010.

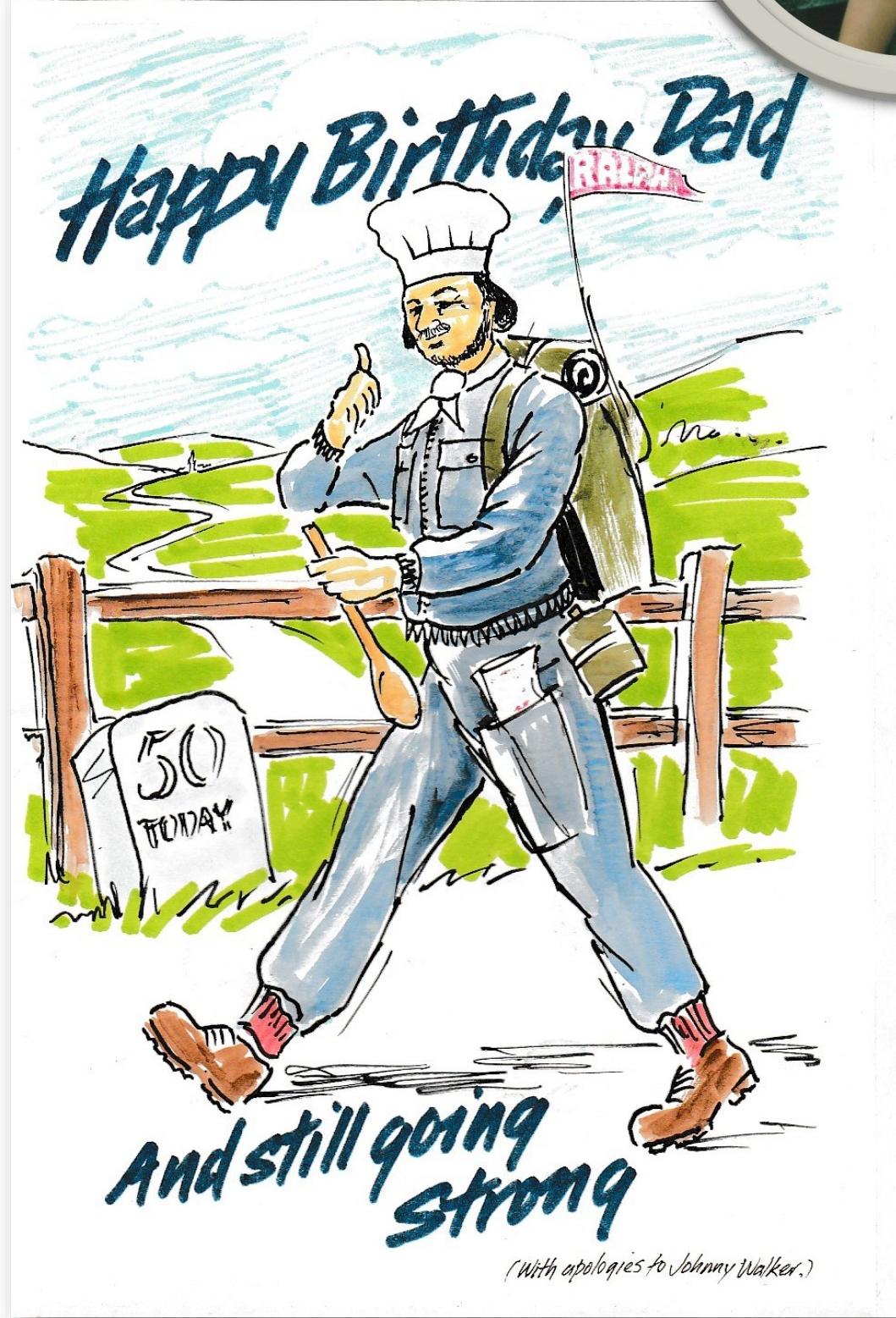




Photo History



.From Tammy on my 50th birthday





Mr Ralph Michael Kley

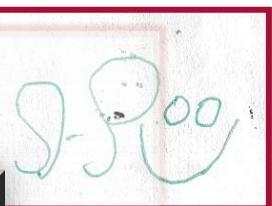
His actions and attitudes he continually inspires
 Such as his ability to take photos with which he never tires
 The beautiful chronicling of our lives with which he sets such fires
 By the artistry he produces these books, not thinking of any buyers

With the impetus being just to create for the sake of creating
 Years ago when we were kids it could have been considered just a fling
 But this beautiful process of chronicling our lives he certainly isn't growing out of
 For now this poem thing I write is to line the pages of the hundredth

In so many other ways as I said he inspires and continually teaches me
 From his passion for early mornings , gardening and his love for Mama Kley
 Which is hardly surprising as she's so one of the best ,so caring and lovely
 But it's no mere thing in this age of ours to love one person so deeply
 And that is another lovely lesson they have both taught me

His 100 books are full of such wonderful photos depicting many things
 But the images showing there true love for each other makes me almost want to sing

But having inherited dads terrible voice I won't upset my friends and neighbours so
 Now I'm almost at the end of this babble of words that from deep within that flow
 Never stop doing what you do , creating and caring and always on the go



.Darren-Paul



Photo History



I'm not very clever or very bright
But must do something that would be right
We've known you some time now and like what we see
So could we be friends for eternity

Sandra & Robert (Clifton)



May you always have something over your head and somewhere to go when you need to, a happy place to sit and a bath to keep you clean you pair of love birds.





Photo History



Elaine (Bentley)

A photo from Cascais





Photo History



Dear Ralph, You are the creative one in this friendship, I just count beans so I have just written you the attached very short rambling for your album. If you decide to not use it I certainly won't be offended.

Lots of love Geoff B



Dear Ralph,

Who knew that, when I was pushing your pram around Oxford over 75 years ago, we would remain friends despite growing up in two different cities and having only two things in common – our parents' undying friendship and being only sons.

And who knew in fact that we were such different characters. You, the creative cook, designer and photographer and me, the bean counter and the guy who was thrown out of his art class at school for being beyond useless.

I could not be mistaken for creative as is shown by the fact that I was trying to write a poem for this little piece but either I couldn't get the metre right or I couldn't find a rhyme, (or occasionally both), so, in the time honoured saying, "if at first you don't succeed, give up", I took the easy way out and did just that.

On the plus side however, I did resist the inclination to present you with a financial business plan for your photography venture on the basis that such a presentation would induce your eyes to cross and narcolepsy to set in. So each to his own!!

I know how much pleasure your hobby has given you in the past so Poppy and I wish you continuing health, happiness and contentment in the pursuance of that all consuming passion for artistic and biographical photography .

With love

Geoff and Poppy (Benjamin)



Compared to you I'm not very creative, but as your second email was so insistent, here is my contribution by way of a little poem and three photos from my album.

Unless you're desperate, don't publish them.

The PhotoGenius

Looking through these ninety-nine
The layout, subjects, great design
Ralph's keen eye and sense combine
To transform grape to sparkling wine

I've no idea of how it goes
The way you make your portraits pose
Your close-up of a garden rose
An old dull church, now its splendour shows

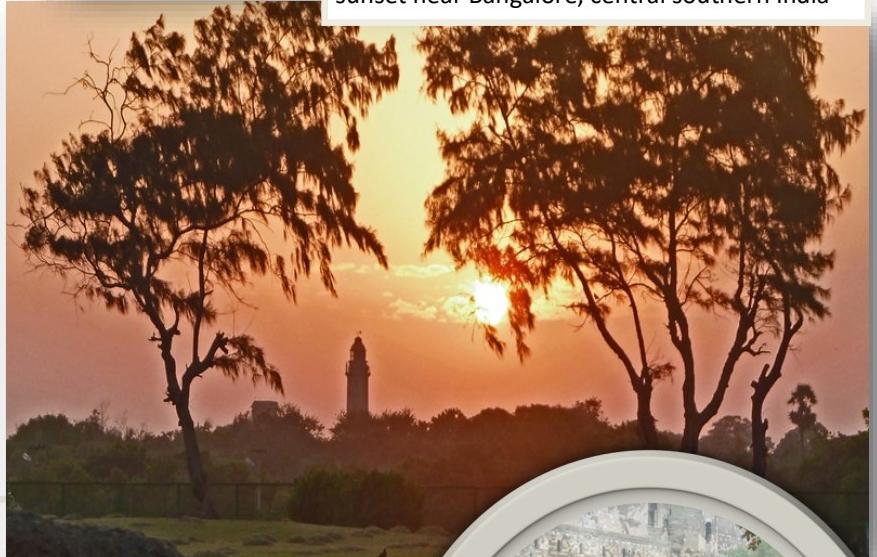
All I can do is look in awe
At scenery I've not seen before
Let shots from out your camera pour
And here's to another hundred more

Martin & Maxine (Rose)



A worker feeding sugar cane into an ancient crushing machine in India.

sunset near Bangalore, central southern India



Us in front of a miner's statue on the site of the old Teversal Colliery in Nottinghamshire.



Octo



Photo History



We never print out our photos so we would be delighted if you print these and put them in your album!



The first two are the most recent from our trip last week to the Adirondacks in upstate New York. The next five are from our trip to Costa Rica in March, including a great photo of a golden orb spider that made her home next to our porch. The last





Photo History



So - we're not very creative - all our creativity goes into planning our travels and we will carry on travelling for as long as we can!!
Judy & Gordon (Smith)





Photo History



.Evgeni doing the soffits on our house



.Evgeni and family..
June 2019





I finally found a few minutes to compile something for your photobook. Sorry if it is a bit pathetic - I am happy to do something else if you'd like me too, but I am not very creative to be honest!!

Ralph and Lynn

So good to know this lovely pair
 With friends and interests everywhere
 They love to travel and to walk
 They're fun to be with - and to talk
 The food they serve is heaven sent
 Even barbeques at the allotment!
 There's always far too much to eat
 So we can barely leave our seats
 We love the times we spend together
 Whatever the time, whatever the
 weather
 And we're looking forward to having a look
 At this amazing 100th photo book



.Evie and Jim (McClean)

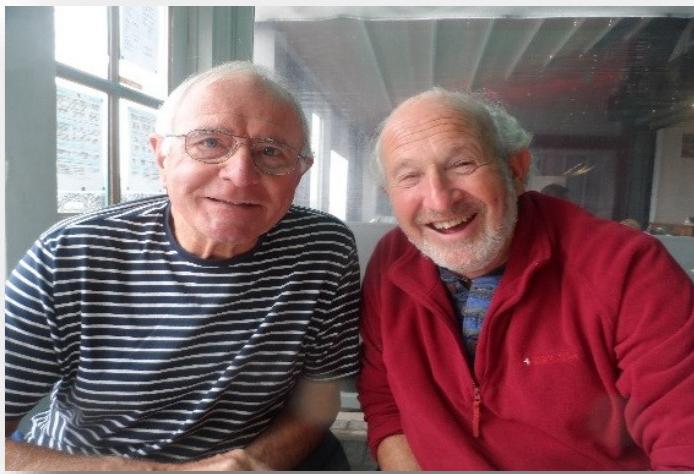




Photo History



Lynn



Togetherness is all that matters and boy ! we've been together, it seems indefinitely. Of course life's a roller coaster full of ups and downs (no pun intended) and I don't envy our neighbours when we have a "disagreement".

Anyway, it's laughter that completes this life of mine and most definitely my super fantastic gang, friends, French toast and popcorn.





Photo History



Better late than never!

My grandparents are awesome!

Only my granddad is brave enough to go body boarding down wild rapids.

And only my grandma is so loving and willing to take me shopping for an emergency pair of jeans,

Whatever the weather.

I'll have you know my Grandparents are amazing cooks.
And I think its great all the books,

Full of photos and memories that would have otherwise been forgotten .

I love you grandma and granddad,
I love you beyond the stars...

By Peachy





Photo History



Ich am sorry, that WE have no better idea. I am now in Istanbul again. So 3 Photos from my fone.
Best regards
Ali

So very sorry dearest Ralph and Lynn - in Istanbul in the middle of two exhibitions - one belonging to the Biennial - the creativity runs high - but seems all used up - wished i could give it some thought - but until end of July its difficult





Inge's Seventieth Birthday

Rejoice all from near and far,
Proclaim our elation without par;
The cherub born in 'twenty-two'
Gracing this stage for me and you,
Has blossomed like a brilliant star.

In youth, to doting family a treasure,
With love, enjoyment, peace and pleasure;
Cruelly cut as by knife,
By inhumanity, holocaust and strife,
What odious misfortune to endure!

In England through destiny rescued,
Our Inge reached resplendent maidenhood;
In response to needs military,
Active service in women's auxiliary,
Her valiant efforts to the cause to include.

Perchance Al's Squadron 407,
Was based in northern Devon,
One day most splendid,
A Service in Ilfracombe attended,
There met Ingeline - preordained in heaven.

In triumphant Ottawa - what day divine!
Enchanting wedding bells harmoniously did chime;
Ardent affirmation of vows,
Amid smiling family brows,
Nuptial celebrations most sublime.

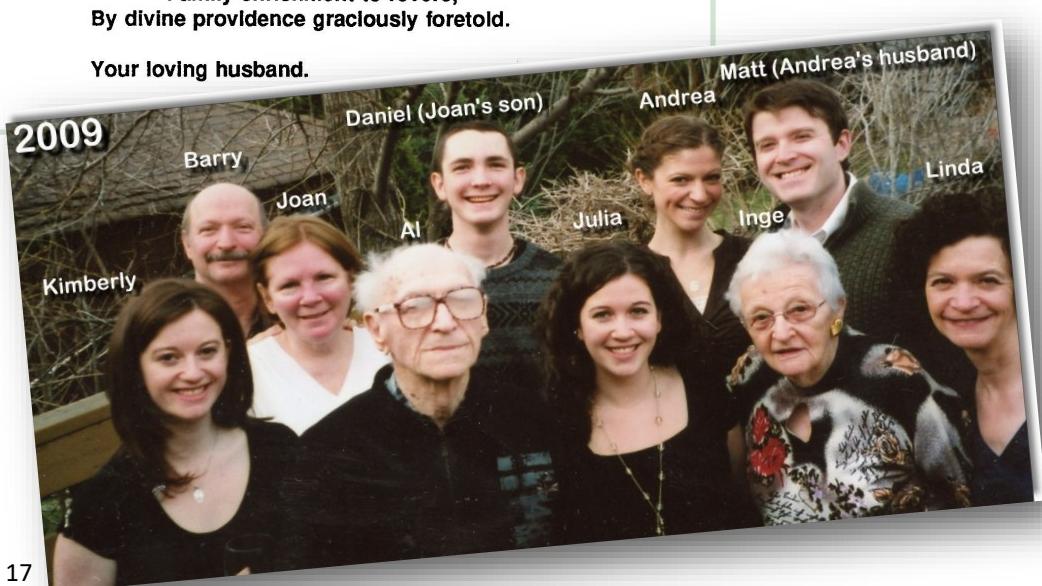
To universities Queen's and Toronto,
Yearly from Ottawa to and fro;
Jubilant birth of Linda and Barry,
Lent impetus not to tarry;
Obligingly graduation they did bestow.

To Skipperly and Barrutchki ever attentive,
With delight each task an imperative;
Loving family security,
Towards resplendent maturity,
Fondest memories we constantly relive.

To Andrea, Kimberly and Julia - radiant supreme,
For Liz and David - utmost esteem;
Furthering worthy causes, highly commendable,
Cheerful volunteer, ever dependable,
As a model to emulate Inge is seen.

As the lifelong enchanted days for Inge unfold,
What magnificent attainments remain to behold;
With love, health and good cheer,
Family enrichment to revere,
By divine providence graciously foretold.

Your loving husband.



Hi Ralph. For "our page", please find a scanned version of a poem that our Dad (Al) wrote to Mom on her 70th birthday. Dad was really good at writing prose, and so it is really quite an amazing poem. He mentions some of the rest of the family too and so I think it's a fitting piece to represent our family. I'm pleased to present it as our contribution to your amazing project. One hundred albums – what a wonderful life time passion and work! Our well wishes to you all.

Linda

I will be honoured to put Dad's wonderful words in the 100th book as your contribution. It is a deep and thoughtful poem and totally right..it will have pride of place



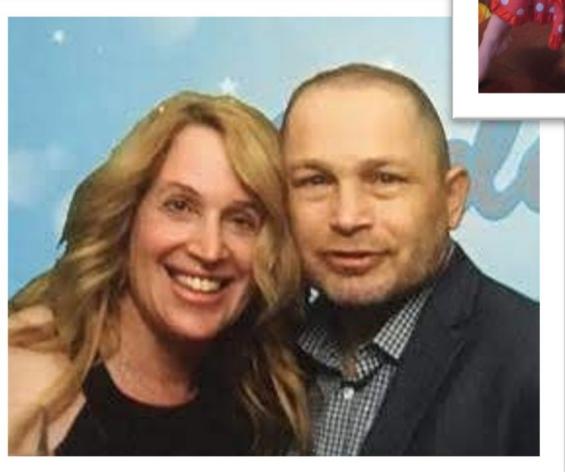
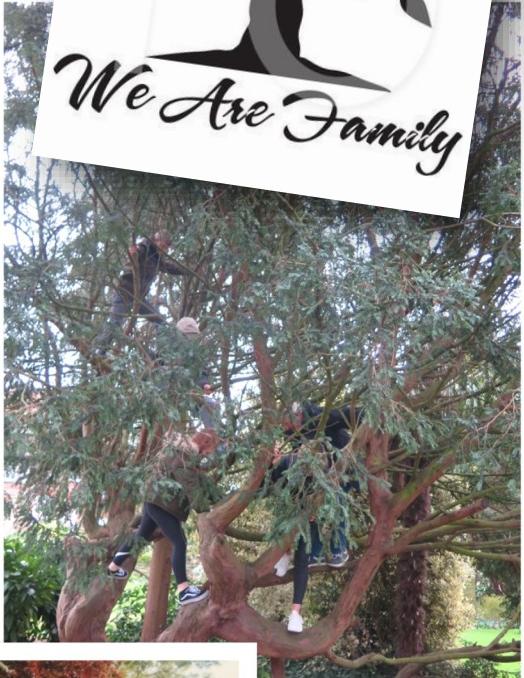
January 2010



Photo History



Family Tree (at my 75th birthday bash)



Matera July 2019





Photo History



Hi Ralph , this is my poem for you both I hope that you going to like it! :-)

I've known these people 10 years now ,

And they are lovely family,

And always they make me feel

As part of their own family!

Looking forward to going there every week,

And listening to the their stories,

Lynn makes me a coffee or a tea,

Ralph shows me pictures of their trips,

To the different mountains and the seas!

I wish them luck and health and Love,

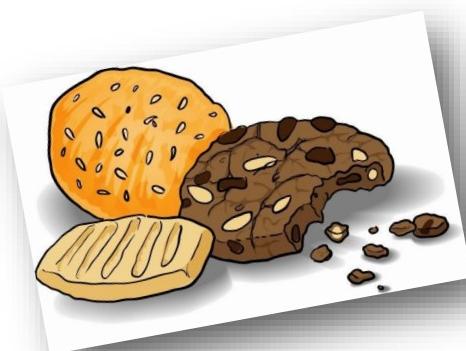
And many years more together,

To do adventure trips to new

Amazing places in the world!!!

Kisses and CUDDLES

Verka Kondakova



*P.s. I'm not very good as a writer but I did my
best ;-))))*



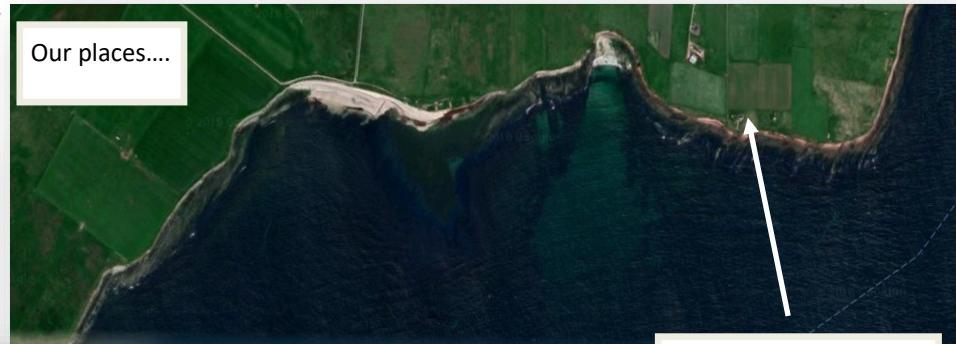
Photo History



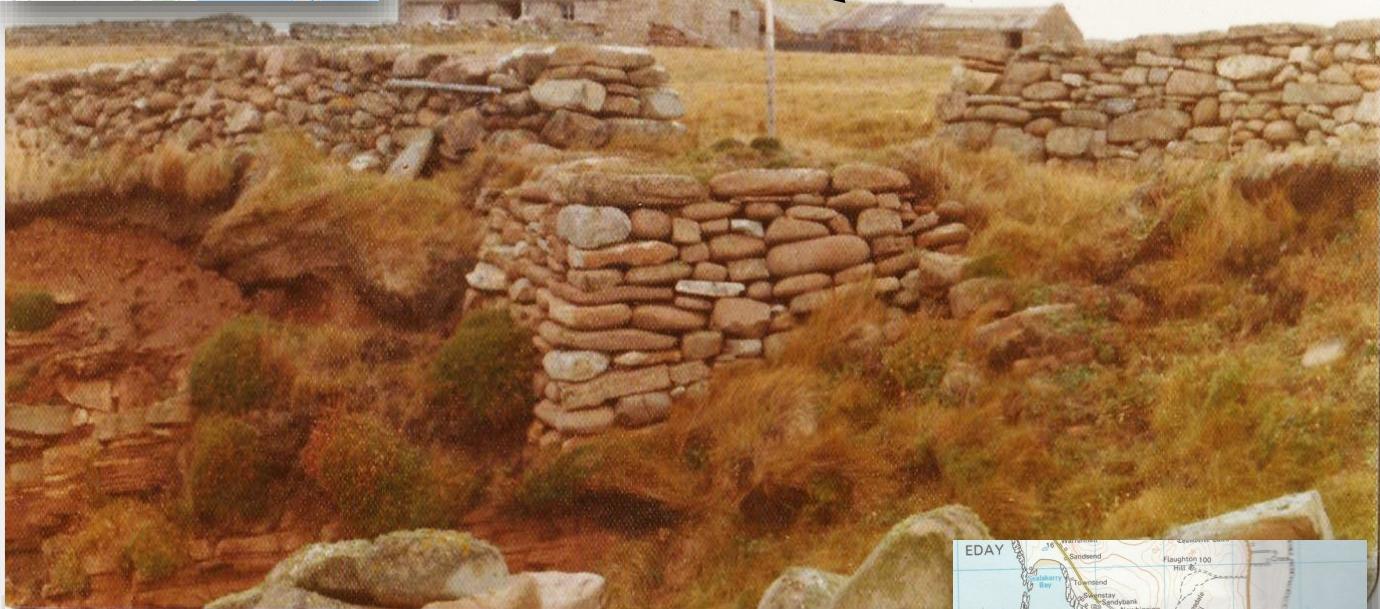
Eday, in the Orkneys



Our places....



Stakiegeos...our croft



Our small croft on the shore of Eday in the Orkneys..a small island of approx. 150 inhabitants who are vastly outnumbered by the resident wildlife population. Eday is just eight miles long and is a great place to get back in touch with nature with upland moors, grasslands, freshwater lochs and a stunning coastline attracting a wide variety of animals and birds throughout the year



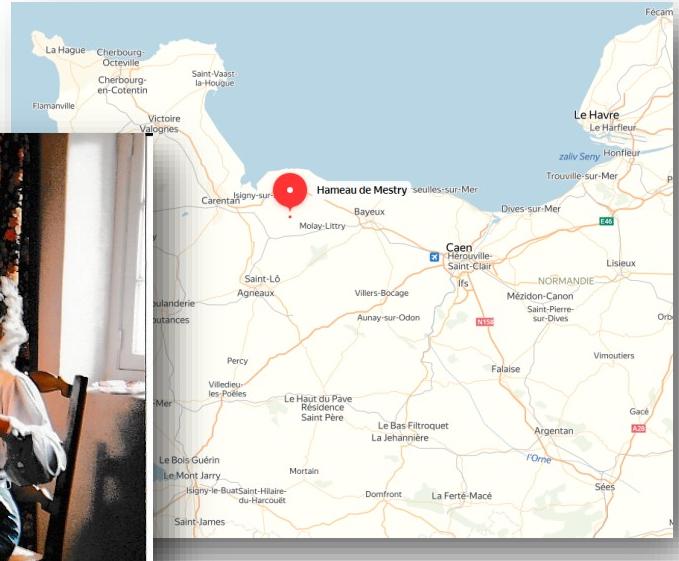
We owned this lovely beach down to the low water mark plus peat-digging rights on a local small hill

Lynn and DP



Photo History

Lilly and Morrie with us



Our delightful cottage in Hameau de Mestry
close to Bayeux and Isigny-Sur-Mer in Normandy



By the summer house in the garden

The cottage



Outside in the country lane



Photo History



We didn't realize
we were making
memories, we just
knew we were
having fun



I was telling Ben all about the hostel (meant to say hostess) trolley they got for Nana and Papa when he left Coca Cola ... they had it engraved .. and Nana used to put all her food in it ... even though the table was right next to the kitchen .. when they had dinner parties .. and papa used to play the mouth organ as Omi sang happy birthday on the other phone downstairs at the same time on my birthday every year without fail ..!! ..

I remembered how they played cards and had that bar in the corner of their house and had little bottles of shnapps in a glass cabinet .. and how I told Omi how horrible the bar was .. and when they were selling the house she used to call it the " shit bar "... and how grandad Morrie used to say " eyar "... and give me money and say " don't tell Lilly "... and grandma used to do the same and say don't tell Morrie ... and I used to leave it grandmas puffed wheat biscuits .. and she used to call stairs that had all the material in it .. and Omi and Opi's we hadn't finished our food ... and choc pud with noon out ... such cute memories xxxxxxxx

Grandma Lilly used to sing a song called sweet lass of used to make his own glue in a paint pot with a piece



Primose Hill as we sat by the fireplace and Grandad of wood in it



Memories of grandparents
are really special



....sorry dad , meant to say , of course you can memory of Omi who took me to Pearsons to to the assistant in the ladies clothes depart- costume "... ! which still makes me smile to- tal grandad Morry would sit with her all day and night wearing his smart suit and hat , and hold her hand .. and how they both always looked so smartly dressed and grandma Lilly never ever wore trousers ... and she would say " no fear"when I asked her why ... they are G-d awful ugly garments and Opi used to sing a German song to Lani as he would bounce her up and down on his lap when she was about six months old ... and we never knew what it was about but it went something like " hopper hopper riter ... so i guess it was about a horse rider ...!!!



put this in your book , you can also add , the really cute buy me a new work suit ... and in her heavy accent said ment " zis is my granddaughter , I vud like to buy her a day ... and the other memory is when Lilly was in hospital





Photo History



GUS

Hi Ralph



How about this, penned over a cup of coffee immediately on getting home and before I could forget.
Life's Little Ironies

Imagine the scene. The English countryside in the blazing summer sunshine – for such days do exist – when into the picture comes a group of men of a certain age progressing with determination albeit at a dignified pace. This is none other than the 'Gentleman's Walking Group' on one of its regular monthly outings. (The word 'gentlemen' is used generously to describe a collection of pseudo-intellectual ruffians, but that is another story.) We have been walking for nigh on two hours and are more than ready for some refreshment. Amongst many other topics of fascinating conversation, we have been hearing of Ralph's exploits in his career as a caterer. We hear of feasts for the Mongol hordes, we hear of satisfying the delicatessen needs of North London. "So come on Ralph", says I, "how about an instant pop-up café here and now. Never has there been a greater need. We're gasping. Surely well within your capabilities!" He only smiles benignly. How ironic we feel. Sophisticated food for the urban masses, no problem. A simple cup of coffee for a few friends in the middle of an undemanding field, no can do.

All the best

Alan (Shackman)



GUS

© www.illustrations.com



Photo History



Ralph Kley - A Picture

By Peter Summerfield

Ralph Kley you're a phenomenon, by no means a man of clay

A kaleidoscope of activity preferring new challenges every day

Supported with your sole-mate, your ever delectable Lynn

The love of your life, encouraging you through thick and thin

As caterer you fed offices and clubs with all things edible

Your van took you to places around London quite incredible

You even catered tea at my wedding to darling Marianne

Small wonder in her eyes you have forever become her fan

Your inborn urge to travel takes you to distant destinations

To Ghana, Japan and India and some nameless far-off nations

As a second home, your obvious choice was remote Orkney Isle

Ideal for short weekend travel, it made all your friends smile

Among your charitable gifts, books are regularly transported

To Nepal no less where children obviously need to be supported

Whilst lately teaching to adults eats up more of your valuable time

Be it mathematics or business, your talents are simply sublime

But above all else, you're a true photographer personified

Your obsessive love of the camera can no way be denied

A picture be it animal, vegetable or just a snapshot scene

You shoot from the hip be it memorable, comic or obscene

Ralph, your life's but a camera, a cabaret of photos galore

Beautifully mounted by you in volumes forever more and more

A magnum opus depicting life with all its laughter and tears

We thank you Ralph for the pictorial record throughout your years

But whilst photos in relationships can play a vital part

They fail to portray feelings which friendship can impart



Photo History



And I have not forgotten my homework!
Xxx

They say old friends are the best...
You go through life's ups and downs
together and share all those memories.
We always enjoy our days out with you and love those legendary
five hour Sunday lunches at Chez Kley's.
Long may it continue!!
Vivi and Walter (Muhlgay)





Photo History



I realise it's crazily late but I am enclosing three photos which encapsulate Margaret and my interests. If you have already made up this album, I apologise for being so tardy.

The first is of me and Margaret on salt flats in northern Argentina (not as big as the Bolivian salt flats to the north), the second is our garden at a flattering time of the year and the third is fairly typical of Margaret fishing out blanket weed from the pond!!

Hope you are both well.

Best wishes Margaret & Gerald Levin





Ode to two intrepid travellers

Is there anywhere you haven't been?
You sure do have that wandering gene
Not for you a cruise on calm waters
Or a five star hotel with carpets and porters
A d I y holiday is much more your style
With backbacks and blisters to make it worthwhile
And finding new friends to keep and hold dear
Never mind they are all in their gap year!
And ~~bo~~-impressing all your friends and relations
With a pictorial tour of all your vacations
Though 99 albums is an insane collection
No one can do that much reflection!
So now your library is complete
100 albums is no mean feat
but can I suggest that in the future
you store your photos on the computer!



To be continued!.....



Andrea hollow x



To end the nagging... Ralph... A little something so we do not have the embarrassing distinction of being the only ones not responding to your unreasonable request! It relates to your stay with us. Perhaps it is a little long - for which I apologise. It might benefit from an accompanying photo - but you are the king on this.

Le Turd de France

In June of this year, Viv and I had the pleasure of Ralph and Lyn's company for a few days at our house in France. We talked and we walked, we ate and we also did a little sightseeing. Amongst the places we visited was a village called Sauveterre de Rouergue, a very pretty village but so insignificant that it was hardly known even to people who lived just 500 metres away. It was an old place that had hardly changed in years and the main concern of its elders was whether to move from the fourteenth to the eighteenth century or take the plunge and move directly to the nineteenth century.

But it had maintained its traditional shops. There were no shopping malls on its borders and for online shopping, well you need electricity. Therefore its bakery/sweetshop had survived. It was here that Lyn bought a piece of the local speciality 'turd'. We are not sure that this was the official name, we were just going by its shape and colour and texture and taste. Indeed it was hard to believe that it had been crafted by an artisan rather than produced by a dog in the course of its normal daily business. It was not cheap: around £10 a piece, mainly labour cost. To meet demand only about one piece a month was produced. As I said there were few visitors to Sauveterre and the locals were well aware of the taste of the delicacy.

Ralph had one bite and the future of the village, perhaps of France, perhaps of the world, was changed. As with most things concerning food, when Ralph did not have his hands on his camera making records for posterity, (or his hands on Lyn), he had his hands on his telephone making comments on Trip Advisor. As is well known, Ralph is to Trip Advisor as Trump is to Twitter. Sauveterre and its delicacy immediately became celebrated. The village is now recognised as one of 'les plus belles villages de France'. The confectioner's premises are under consideration by UNESCO for listing as a world heritage site. Production has increased by ten thousand per cent but the uncanny resemblance to a natural product has remained unchanged.

Last week Viv and I went to see the Tour de France passing at La Primaube, just about 10 kilometres from Sauveterre. It was exciting to see but there were far fewer spectators than when we had watched it some years ago. I asked a local why this was. He replied sadly that he thought the Tour might soon disappear, unable to stand the burgeoning competition from the new 'T de France'.

With Happy Memories

Cyril and Viv

July 2019



We bought it back and
it won The Turner Prize





Photo History



Our contributionNeil & Viv Chapman



Warning by Jenny Joseph

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple
With a red hat which doesn't go, and doesn't suit me.
And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves
And satin sandals, and say we've no money for butter.
I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm tired
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells
And run my stick along the public railings
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.
I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
And pick flowers in other people's gardens
And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat
And eat three pounds of sausages at a go
Or only bread and pickle for a week
And hoard pens and pencils and beer mats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry
And pay our rent and not swear in the street
And set a good example for the children.

